

POETICALL
VARIETIES:
OR,
VARIETIE OF
FANCIES.

By *Tho. Jordan* Gent.

*Carpere vel noli nostra vel ede tua:
Martii. Epigram.*



LONDON,
Printed by T. C. for *Humphry Blunden*, and are to be sold
at his shop, neare the Castle Taverne, in *Cornhill*. 1637.

POETICAL
VARIETIES:
OR
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FANCIES

By T. M. Jordan-Gent

London: Printed and sold by T. M. Jordan-Gent, at his shop, near the Castle Tavern, in Cornhill, 1637.



LONDON,
Printed by T. C. for Humphry Bland, and are to be sold
at his shop, near the Castle Tavern, in Cornhill, 1637.



TO
THE MECOENAS OF
CANDID INDVSTRY, Mr.
JOHN FORD of *Graves-Inne*, Gent.

My humble *Muse* directs her weak
Endeavours.

Worthy Sir,



Have had a long propension
in my soule to endeavour
something worthy your ac-
ceptance, and gaine me ho-
nour in the oblation, had
lov'd *Thalia* pleas'd to blesse
my braine with some deser-
ving subject; yet these greene fruites (though
gathered in the Spring-time of my knowledge)

The Epistle Dedicatory.

and farre unworthy of so choyse a Pallat, may
by your kind acceptance bee digested, and
thought as sweet to all that tast, as the rich
fruite the pregnant Summer yeeldeth. Yet, Can-
did Sir, I had not rob'd the Age of so much Im-
pudence as to communicate the weake effects
my Infant Muse produceth to your judgement,
but that I knew a sweete encouragement lives
in your gentle censure can give an inspira-
tion to that brayne that is but yet ambitious of
desert; which gives me hope I shall (when I
write next) produce things that may merit ap-
probation, and cause you to confesse me,

A Servant studious.

so deserve your love,

THO. IORDAN.

To



TO THE CRITICAL READER.

Sowre Sir, a word with you;

SInce I am fallen into the hazzard of your infectious censure, and that I know you come to kill, not nurse my infant Muse, my language will have licence; I must tell you, you are ungently bold to trespassse on a Page of mine, seeke some knowne Author, whose applauded name selfe-loved opinion taught you to admire; The title page you censure, not the worke, I am condemn'd already by that rule, but tis no legall tryall; Is your wise knowledge so prophetick growne, that in an Authors name you reade his merit, or thinke you that the learned Magazin is quite exhausted from the thrifty schooles to make but one man happy Either resolve to reade me honestly with a true purpose to be just in censure, condemning onely thefe, or such blacke guilt, or fairely leave mee to my Candid Reader.

THO. JORDAN.

A 3

TO



TO THE CANDID
Reader, Health and increase
of Knowledge.



He pregnant Bee, fil'd with the hony'd bounty of the Rose, flyes to the wealthy Hive as doth my humble Muse unto your Candor, you are a true *Micenas* the perfect Storehouse of a royall soule, whose genuine disposition is not turn'd with the next breath of fraile opinion; but will the meanest merit estimate with a most gentle censure. You understand what man would doe, and thinke it more aetheriall to give his Muse a birth then a destroying sentence; I have compos'd to feede thy gentle view these various Poems, for which I must Apologize thus much; I have not rob'd the Hive of any mans endeavours, or exhausted his hony treasure to enrich my barren labours, but from the pative flower suck'd I my sweetenesse, if there bee ought that may content thy wealthy pallar, it is thine owne, the Cooke prepar'd it for thee: Farewell.

Thine THO. IORDAN.

Of my friend Mr. Thomas Jordan,
Tetrastichon.

Iordan in Harvest swell's, and so thy wayne
Runn's like a suddaine Torrent after raine.
End as thou hast begun, and as that River
That beares thy name; thou mayst be read for ever.

THO. HEYWOOD.

To my Friend Mr. Tho. Jordan on his Poems,
which I title, His *Vnder-wood*.

VHen (Jordan) I had read thine *Vnder wood*
Of growing Poësie, I understood,
(At least imagin'd) that I saw a Spring
Breake through the depth of Winter; and a Ring
Of Syluans, Satyrs, and light-footed Fawnes,
That haunt the Woods, the Mountaines, and the Lawnes,
(Each with his Nymph) unanimously met,
All overjoy'd to dance a roundelct.
For that they found in thy delightfull Grove,
Something for every one of them to love;
Each in his severall kind; and o're them sate
The ayrie Choristers, (none without a Mate)

Vpon

Vpon thy branches, who unto their dance,
(With no lesse joy in Musick) did advance
A welcome, and a wish'd increasefull way,
To every stemme, to every sprig, and spray,
Sprung from thy pregnant braine. The Muses throng.
To heare those birds chaunt forth the cheerefull Song
They had inspir'd them with; whilst through his Bayes
Phoebus sate smiling downe, to see his Bayes,
Yet unneglected; and this leaden age
(Whose dulnesse dampes his Lawrell, which the rage
Of Thunder never blasted) to send forth
A Genius that to weare it sings its worth.
And now (most happily) when the Poets old
Are sinking too! That one so young should hold
The club up gainst the Giant ignorance,
The malice of the times, and blinder chance,
Apollo pleas'd, thou mayst expect soone after
(For onely thou hast mov'd his this yeares laughter)
To be in's Darlings list, then will he shine,
Propitiously on every plant of thine;
And make them flourish by his chearing light,
Through the grosse darkenesse of distraction's spight;
And send thee followers, and admirers, who
Shall cry up all thou doest or aym'st to doe.
Meane time I lend (that dares on envy looke)
This Page to beare a Torch before thy booke.

RICH. BROME.



To M^r. Thomas Jordan on his Fancies.

I Read thy Fancies; wondred how
Such streames of wit should from thee flow,
Friend Iordan; Inere thought thy head
(Like Nile's scarce yet discovered)
Would so breake out; but now I am
Pleas'd with the knowledge whence they came.

Some Poetafters of the times,
That dabble in the Lake of Rhimēs;
Care not, so they be in Print
What sordid trash or stufte is in't.
There are too many such I feare
That make Bookes cheape and Paper deare.


But thou art Poesie's true sonne,
The Issue of thy braine doth runne
With well digested matter, thine,
Are Morall some, and some Divine,
Some Satyrs some love's Rapsodies,
The dead live by thy Elegies.
We that are old in th' art must leake,
And worne with often usage breake;
Thy younger pot the Mules will
With their best waters alwayes fill;

When we are gone, the World shall see,
A full-brim'd Helicon in thee.

THO. NABBS.

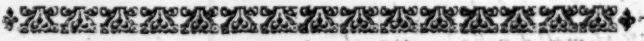
B

To


To his Friend the Author M^r. Thomas Jordan,
on his Varieties.

I Must not Iordan passe, though the waves glide
With equall favour of the winde and tide:
Nor for the land will I forsake the streames,
On whose brow danceth flowrie Anadems.
But every limbe bathing in fresh delight,
Quicken the bravery of my appetite,
I scud amid st the Curles, and with my palme,
Stroake the delicious waters in a calme,
Whose vertues are more powerfull in their birth;
Then all the distillations of the earth;
To sip of this from Cupids hollow hand,
Creates effects more strange then dart, or brand:
Quaffe Candid Reader, but dull clots be gone,
For Iordan's waters, are pure Helicon.

ED. MAY.


On my Friend and adopted sonne M^r. Thomas
Jordan the Infant-Poet of our Age.

From smallest Springs, arise the greatest streames,
Thou hast begun well; who dares hinder thee
Still to goe forward, and dilate thy beames,
T'acquaint the world with thy sweete Poetry.

Speake still in tune, hide not thy worth but shew it,
That men may say, th'art borne not made a Poet.
And he that sayles thy growing *Muse* tra cheris,
May his fixt hopes in expectation peris.

Thine (since Complement) J. B.

P.O.E.



POETICALL VARIETIES.

A Gentleman in love with twenty Mistresses.

B Prethee leave me love, goe place desire (fire,
In those cold hearts that ne're felt Am'rous
Or let me be thy Martyr, let me burne
Till I am nought but ashes, and my urne
Translated to some common *Spicerie*,
May serve thee more then thy *Artillerie*.
Coy *Madams* tasting me in their hot spice,
Shall feele more flames then all the learn'd advice
Of *Esculapius* can alay, though he
Descend from Heaven to reach new Mystery;
If this may not be granted, let me crave
As many hearts as flames, then shall I have
A multitude of *fayre-ones*; Then I may
Enjoy my *Rosa*, spend the Am'rous day
Within her armes, and at the night retire
To *Violetta*, quench another fire

Rosa

Violetta

B 2

In

In her cold bosome, but ere day doth rise
Aurora. Salute the Morne in my *Aurora's* eyes:
 There like to an *Idolater* ile gaze
Honorio. Till my *Honorio* rids me of the maze
 And draws me to her Bower, where having spent
Millescent. Some heavenly houres, ile finde out *Millescent*
 (That wonder of perfection) we two,
 Can teach the *Turtles* what they ought to doe;
 With kisses moyst her Ruby lips ile cover:
Castara. But then *Castara* sayes I doe not love her;
 Who with a witty sweete indulgent smile
 Tells me I doe forget her all this while.
 Then doe I kisse and study to excuse,
 But yet am strait instructed by my Muse.
Bellara. *Bellara* wants me, theres a minde as faire
 And beautifull as all the other Are:
 In their externall features, such a one
 Might have perswaded desperate *Phaeton*,
 To have forsooke his Chariot; her Hove
 Next to my *Beades*, till *Fancy* bids me prove
Eliza. My chaste *Eliza*, in her Virgin brest,
 Lyes farre more worth then Poets have exprest.
 In painting out *Pandora*, I confesse
 I honour her as I doe happinesse;
Beata. But not like my belov'd *Beata*, shee
 Can give instructions to *Mortalitie*,
 How we may scape *Hells* fatall fire and come,
 To (loves blest *Paradise*) *Elizium*;
Thalia. Except *Thalia* (one as faire and kind)
 Perswad's us to be of another minde;
 Makes us beleeve *Elizium* is a place
 But feign'd unlesse it be in her embrace:

Where

Where I could ever rest, thence never part
 Would *Eglentina* send me backe my heart,
 Yet such sweete chaines of love shee binds it in,
 That should I thinke to loose, twould be a *sin*
 To great for *Absolution*, I must rest
 Untill *Dulcella* (not more faire then blest)
 Please for to give release, in her it lyes
 To make me hug my owne deare perjuries;
 And yet shee knowes *Ambrosia* being by
 I can neglect her and her potencie.
Ambrosia can conduct my happy feete
 To *Columbina* (shee that is more sweete
 Then natures pe fum'd violet) he that knowes
 Her sweetnesse, as I doe, will say the Rose
 Breaths but contagion, yet *Andora* shall
 Maintaine though shee be sweet, shee has not all
 Kind nature did bestow, for in her brest
Arabiahs, and the chaste *Phanix* nest.
 Must I though lose *Fidelia* and deny
 My faith to *Anabella*, let me dye
 When I remember not the sacred love
 Twixt me and my *Musea*; The fond Dove
 Affects not like *Lucella*, they are all
 So faire, so sweet I know not which to call
 My best or happiest, for unhappy I,
 Must love but one of all, or by love dye;
 Ile leave all therefore, and my selfe encline
 To court *Francia*, shees a love divine.

*Eglentina.**Dulcella.**Ambrosia.**Columbina.**Andora.**Fidelia.**Anabella.**Musea.**Lucella.**Urania.*

*A Gentleman's deploration for his Mistresse,
falling from Vertue.*

Patience, inhabit humble soules; extend
Thy passive power to those whose sorrowes end;
Mine are eternall, powerfull, and immense;
Such as may teach thee wrath fond Patience;
Ixion's wheele is easie, and the stone
Sisiphus rowles he doth but sleepe upon,
Compar'd to mine; The greatnesse of my wrongs
Would want *Oration*, though an hundred tongues
Guided by fluent *Orators*, should dare
In thrifty speech but briefly to declare;
They would destroy all *Memories*, all *Sence*,
And drive all Language from *Intelligence*.

Thou that art rich in sorrow, and canst sweare

Thou hast more then *Mortality* can beare.

Attend, and give me audience, I will shew
Thy quaking *sense* what thou shalt feare to know;
Thou wilt beleeve (if I at large declare)
Sorrow hath tane her dwelling in thy *Eare*.
And thinke thou mayst with lesse patience
Endure thy wrongs, than give mine audience.

Felina's fallen from vertue; shees acute

In learned *Leuitie*, turn'd *Prostitute*.

I lov'd her dearly, while her eyes were pure,
While she blush'd innocent, and kiss'd to cure.
When smiles were modest ensignes, while her breath,
Carried more balme then payson, life then death;
When shee weep'd honest greefe, and I did see,
Her *Salutations* were humilitie;

Then

Then was shee perfect *Virgin*; then did I
Contract my *heart* to this *Idolatrie*.

Her eyes doe now looke glorious, but to tell:
Vnhappy man, the fairest way to *Hell*.

Shee blushes now for *guilt*, smiles to doe *ill*;

Breath's but to *poysen*, kisses but to *kill*;

Weep's to *ensnare*, salut's but to *destroy*,

Flatters to *ceaze*, imbraceth to *betray*;

Betraves to get no *profit*, or *renowne*,

But falls her selfe, to plucke another downe.

Oh false *Felina*, must your *beautie* be

Expos'd to *Incest*, and *Adulterie*.

You are a *Whore*, and tis the choyssest name

That he will render, who first caus'd your shame;

Sometimes you are his *Mistresse*, when his lust

Hath itching Feavers, and must take on trust,

But having done hee loaths ye, nay will sweare,

Tis you that made him turne *Adulterer*.

Perhaps youle then *repent* and thinke on me,

(That onely priz'd you for your *puritie*)

Resolve to be reserv'd, and never looke

Vpon (that dangerous forbidden Book)

Incontinence. Then doth another come,

Who gives your *penitence* a *Martyrdome*,

Whom you embrace with such an *appetite*,

As if you had beene kept from your delight

An age of *houres*; you *deities* (that see

Such shipwrack made of divine *puritie*)

Lend me your perfect *patience*, or I feare

My *sorrow* will become my *murtherer*,

Release me of the contract that I vow'd

Vnto *Felina*; Let her not be proud

Off

Of my undoing too, that I may beare
My sorrowes like a man, and let my care
Be to admonish those that meane to wed,
No path so full of danger man can tread,

*Let not frail beauty, (that she rode we passe;
Be much ador'd; faire my Felina was.*

*Let not your Mistrisse wealth or wit surprize,
For faire Felina was both rich and wise.*

*And let not blushes Ladies vertues tell,
Felina was once Chast, and yet shee fell.*

*To his Mistrisse Philonella, being at her
Looking-glasse.*

MY sweetest Philonella, turne away
From that Angelick figure, lest you pay
An adoration to your shade; your eye
May win an Hermit to Idolatrie.
Admit your soule be better guarded, know
I have still cause for doubt, lest some rash vow
(Made in an amrous extasie) should tye
Your selfe to your faire shade eternally,
Which heaven defend, when you bring this to passe.
Be kind you powers, translate me to her glasse,
That when the currall creatures come to give
Their daily tribute to me, I may live
The glory of a lover, and enjoy
More kisses then Adonis (*Mirrhas boy*)
Oh but some danger will pursue this blisse
Love is a feeding Feaver, and each kisse
Creats another appetite, Alas

I shall become your beauties *burning glasse*.
 Sad *lovers* will relate, (should you expire)
Narcissus dyed by water, you by fire,
 Both for one *Amorous folly*; yet (as he
 Is now a *Flower*) could you a *Phoenix* be,
 And I the sweete *Arabian tree*, so blest
 With the rich treasure of your spicie nest;
 Most willingly I should desire the blisse,
 Of so divine a *Metamorphosis*.

Apollo sure would leave his *Daphnean tree*,
 (With *Lyrick Ayres*) to keepe us company.

But these are *fancies*, leave your *glasse*, I vow,
 You are to me a better *Phoenix* now.

To Clora a farewell, once his coy *Mistresse*.

Clora farewell, you may be cruell now,
 And keepe the never-violated vow
 You made unto your *goddesse*; I am free
 As the great *Monarch*, whose large Emperie
 Containes a thousand *Regions*, I can fit
 Viewing your beauty, yet betray my wit
 Vnto no greater folly; I can say
 Your cheekes are *Iuly Roses*, and the day
 Borrowes its radiant lustre from your eyes,
 And yet retaine my owne; I can be *wise*;
 I doe disdain the power that made me turne
Apostata to reason; and doe burne
 With a deuoute vexation, I should spend
 My pretious time to such a thriftlesse end
 As to be your *Admirer*, therefore when

C

You

You shall dispute the follies of *yongmen*,
 Let me intreate you, (though it raise your fame
 High as *Diana's* selfe) you will not name
 Me'mongst your captiv'd servants, lest that I
 Ruine that fame, and you repenting dye.

To Leda his coy Bride, on the Bridall Night.

VHy artthou coy (my *Leda*) art not mine :
 Hath not the holy *Hymeneall* twine
 Power to contract our *Natures*? must I be
 Still interpos'd with needelesse *Modesty*?
 What though my former passions made me vow
 You were an *Angell*; be a *Mortall* now.
 The bride-maides all are vanish'd, and the crew
 Of Virgin *Ladies* that did waite on you,
 Have left us to our selves; as loth to be
 Injurious to our loves with a *procre*.

Come then undresse; why blush you, prethee smile;
 Faith ile disrobe ye, nay I will not spoyle
 Your *Necklace*, or your *Corset*; Heres a *Pin*
 Pric's you (faire *Leda*) twere a cruell sin
 Not to remove it; Oh how many *gates*
 Are to *Elizium*? (yet the sweetest *Straits*
 That e're made voyage happy) heres a *Lace*
 Me thinks should fitte you; it doth embrace
 Your body too severely, take a knife,
 Tis tedious to undoe it; By my life,
 It shall be cut. Let your *Carnation* gowne
 Be pull'd off (too) and next let me pull downe
 This *Rosie Peticote*; What is this cloud

That

That keeps the day light from us, and's allow'd
 More priviledge then I: (Though it be white)
 Tis not the white I aime at (by this light)
 It shall goe off (too) noe? then let't alone,
 Come, let's to bed, why look you so? here's none
 See's you, but I; be quicke or (by this hand)
 Ile lay you downe my selfe; you make me stand
 Too long i'th cold; Why doe you lie so farre,
 Ile follow you, this distance shall not barre
 Your body from me; Oh, tis well, and now
 Ile let thy *Virgin innocence* know how
 Kings propagate young Princes, marriage beds
 Never destroy, but erect *mayden-heads*:
 Faire *Virgins*, fairely wedded, but repaire
 Declining *beauty* in a prosperous heire.

Come then, lets kisse, let us embrace each other,
 Till we have found a babe, faire (like the mother.)

Such face, *breast's*, waste, soft belly, such a---why
 Doe you thrust backe my hand so scornefully?
 Youle make me strive (I thinke) *Leda*, you know,
 I have a warrant for what ere I doe,
 And can commit no trespasse; therefore come
 Make me beleewe theirs no *Elizium*
 Sweeter then these embraces-- Now ye'are kind,
 (My gentle *Leda*) since you have resign'd,
 Ile leave my talking (too) *lovers* grow *mutes*
 When *Amrous Ladies* grant such pretty lutes.

*A Paradox on his Mistresse, who is cole Blacke, Blinde,
Wrinkled, Crooked and Dumbe.*

VVhich of thy *vertues* shall I first admire,
(Rare peece of *natures wonder*?) O inspire
My over-*Amorous* soule, yee *Virgins nine*
That blesse the fount of flowing *Hippocrene* :
Create a fancy in me, that may flye
Above the trowning head of *Rapsody*.
Negra, thou art not faire; I cannot say
The blushing *morne* (bright *Herald* to the day)
Riseth in either *Cheeke*; nor yet suppose
The blamelesse *Lilly* and chaste bashfull *Rose*
Have a contention there, for these (we know)
Change with their *seasons*, they but *bud*, and *blow*,
And then expire for ever; all their *story*
Is at an *end*, when they begin their *glory*.

But thou art *Black*, and therein lovely (too)
Constant, as *Fate*, unto thy changelesse *Hue*,
(Like to thy inward soule) where we may finde
Thy face to be fit *Emblem* to thy mind,
constant in all chaste thoughts; and a black night
Sometimes allows more pleasure, then the light
Of a cleare *Summer morning*, when we please
To dedicate our wearied braines to ease
On a soft *Pillow*; Marriage-beds allow
The night for *lovers actions* and (we know)
That, ere the seasons of the yeare decay,
Night claim's as much of *rule*, as doth the *Day*.

Thy

Thy *Blacknesse* is thy happinesse; by thee
 The paint of *white* and *red-Adulterie*
 Can have no entertainment; all mens eyes
 May trust thy *face*, for it brookes no disguise;
 Thou need'st no *Scarves*, no *Black-bags* here prevaile,
 Thy face is both thy *Beauty* and thy *Vaile*.

Blacke.

Wert thou not blind (some say) thou wouldst despaire, *Blinde*.
 For being so, thou thinkst thy selfe as faire
 As *Helen* was; but those are *fooles*, and know
 No *reason* to alleadge, untill I show
 The perfect *truth*; thou doest reserve thy eyes
 But to looke inward, where true *beauty* lyes.
 Thou lookst not on *vaine glory*, idle *toyes*
 That mocke the *sence*, and are not real joyes,
 But lights that lead to *misery*; In thee
 It is a *vertue* that thou canst not see.

Some call the *Wrinkled (Negra)* and are bold
 To tell me that my *Mistresse* is as old
 As twice my age, (Thus all seeke to beguile
 Thy pretious *worth*) each *wrinkle* is a *smile*,
 (Had they my eyes to see) Then, they would know
 (If they be *smiles*) why they continue so;
 I answer'd that those *smiles* are alwayes shewne,
 To tell thou still art friends with every one.

Wrinkled.

So art thou termed *crooked*, cause they see
 Thee (like the figure of *Humility*)
 Still bending to the earth; but thou art wise
 And wilt salute all creatures (since thy eyes

Crooked.

Deny thee to make choyse) twere better be
Alwayes so bent, then lose *humillity*.

Then doe they call thee *Dumbe*, (alas) because
Thou art not frequent in the talking lawes
Of idle women; must the cruell throng
Of franke backbiters say thou hast no tongue?
Admit thou hast not, tis not thy intent
That thy chaste silence should give free consent
To every motion; then they wonder what
Thou movest thy head, or point'st thy fingers at,
These were *Enigmas* to them, till I told
The meaning, and the *Riddle* did unfould,
That none but they, who in thy thoughts abode,
Can understand the vertue of thy nod.

So, art thou none but mine; for onely I,
Retaine the knowledge of that mystery,
And I am thine, who (spight of envious mocks)
Will marry thee — by way of *Paradox*;
No otherwise (belceve me *Negra*;) so
Ile lye with thee, and beget children too.
Thus you that marry ill, and live worse lives,
(Like me) make *Para-doxes* of your wives.

*A Dialogue betwixt Castadornus and
Arabella in bed.*

Arabella.

DEare *Castadornus* let me rise
Aurora gins to scere me.

Shce

Shee tell's me I doe wantonize,
Castadorus. I prethee sweetely heere me.

Let red *Aurora* smile my decree
 And *Phæbus* laughing follow,
 Thou onely art *Aurora* here
 Let me be thy *Apollo*.

It is to envie at our blisse
 That they doe rise before us,
 Is there such hurt in this, or this;
Arabella. Nay sye, why *Castadorus*.

Castadorus. What, *Arabella* can one night
 Of loving dalliance tyre yee?
 I could lye ever (if I might)
 One houre let me desire yee.

Arabella. Fy, fy, you hurt me, let me goe
 If you so roughly use me,
 What can I say, or thinke of you;
Castadorus. I prethee (*Love*) excuse me.

Thy beauty and my love defend
 I should ungently move thee;
 Tis kisses (*sweete*) that I intend,
 Is it not I that love thee?

Arabella. I doe confesse it is, but then
 Since you doe so importune,
 That I should once lye downe agen,
Vouchsafe to draw the Curtaine

Aurora

Aurora and *Apollo* too)
 May visit silent fields,
 By my consent they nere shall know
 The *blisse* our pleasure yeelds.

To his faithlesse Mistresse Vxoria.

WHere was I, when I cald my mistress faire
 As the bright *East* (when clouds dispersed are
 To the vast *North*) how did I grossely erre,
 When (rashly confident) I durst preferre
 Her vertue bove *Dianas*! when we met,
 Why did I thinke the coole-lip't *Violet*
 Kifs'd not more chastly sweet; or did suppose
 Her cheekes begat a colour in the rose!
 But (worst of all) what madn. she Seaz'd my sence
 When I conceiv'd her *craft*, pure *innocence*!
 Yee men of happy soules, (I meane) that be
 Vnblasted with the breath of perjurie
 Proceeding from fraile woman; keepe ye so,
 Or you will finde, earth cannot beare a foe
 So full of killing mischeife; all that prove
 Embrace their ruine, and yet call it love.
 Oh in what Chaos did that *Caytiffe* dwell,
 That taught the *Age* so good a word for *Hell*!
 Because your Mistress eyes starrelike appeare,
 Will you blaspheming cry that *Heaven's* there?
 Tis melancholly madnesse, and Ile prove
 You are seduc'd by *socery* not love,
 Her heart is deepe perdition; can her eye
 Retaine one part of *Heaven*, *Hell* so nigh?

I am experienc'd, read your *Fate* in me,
 Let *Adam's* tasting the excluded tree
 Worke feare in you; good *Angels* tongues forbid
 That you should lose your *Eden* as we did.
 Women have subtle slights, theile tell ye then,
 What *Eve* lost, *Mary* restor'd agen,
 Producing all her virgin purity
 To be their honour, though *impiety*
 Distracted into *Arrogance*, and *lust*
 Engrosse their *soules* and *bodies*, yet they must
 In the *blacke booke* of their *lives* fatall *story*
 Write for their owne, the *Virgin Maries* glory:
 Such false *Vxor*ia is, but if there be
 A woman *Phenix* let her pardon me,
 Shee was excluded, when shee knowes my wrong,
 I know shee be too just to blame my tongue,
 And thus conceive, what vertue can he finde
 In any woman, hath his owne unkind ?

To her perjur'd Love Maritus, her dishonorer.

O H my undoing *faith*, now I repent
 My *hope* ere gave my *charity* consent
 To be thy love *Maritus*, couldst thou spy
 Within the *Sphere* of my transparant eye
 One *Cupid* loosely revell to invite
 Thy *soule* to so unchast an *appetite*
 That for its satisfaction I must dye,
 Kild in my innocence by perjury ?
 Oh false *Maritus* I have heard you tell
 That in my eyes two purer *cherub's* dwell,

D

Then

Then those that guard *Elizium*; and my lip
 So chaffly coole, that should a *Letcher* sip,
 He might convert to *Angell*; my hands touch
 To a more guilty person doe as much.
 What worser thing are you, these vertues can
 Convert them *Angells*, and not you to *man*;
 Have you a *soule*? do you beleeve it must
 (When to some *urne* you have resign'd your dust)
 Have any *residence*? doe you not feele
 In your wide *conscience*, that *ixions* wheele
 The *Poets* paint for *Morall*, yet agree
 To take his torment as one worse then he?
 Repent, *sigh*, weepe (*Maritus*) your wilde youth
 Hath murther'd *innocence*, and wounded *truth*
 Whilst I stand my owne *statue*, and my eyes
 Write this in teares---
 HERE MY DEAD HONOR LYES.

A vow to his inestimable Mistresse.

BY the two *Rosie blushes* that did move
 In your chaste cheekes when I reveal'd my love,
 By those *Favonian sighs* whose gentle calme
 Perfum'd the Ayre sweet, as *Indean balme*,
 By those two *Ruby Portalls*, that disclose
 Two *Hemispheres* of *Pearle*, contriv'd to pose
 The yet amaz'd beholder, by your eyes,
 Brighter to me then *Titan* when he flies
 Over *Arabian* mountaines ere his heate
 Doth cause the toyling *rurall Negro* sweate
 Vnder his spicy burthen, by your haire,
 Which pardon sweetest if I terme a snare

To

To catch a *Cupid* in, and falling low
 Into your bosome where the banks of *Poe*
 Shew nurseryes of *Lillies*, I protest
 With a chaste kisse upon your *virgin brest*
 (*Love's* sacred register of *vowes*) in thee
 My love and life hath chose *eternity*;
 Yet take my countervow this zealous kisse
 I will be true--so *Angels* meete their blisse.

*A Dialogue betweene Icarus and surprized
 Phillida.*

Pretty sweete. one looke on me
 Faine I would thy captive be,
 Bound by thee is libertie. *Phil.*

Be not so unkindly wise
 For your lookes will bribe my eyes
 To divulge where my heart lyes. *Icar.*

If they doe, thou needst not feare,
 By my *innocence* I sweare,
 Ile but place another there. *Phil.*

Thats my feare I dare not prove
 Nor my resolution move,
 Cause I know you are in love. *Icar.*

Lov'd *Icarus* and if I be
 I know I cannot injure thee,
 Love and beauty will agree. *Phil.*

Ica. Oh you doe my *hearing* wrong,
I have turn'd my *eyes* thus long
To be captiv'd by your *tongue*.

Phil. Then my houres are happy spent,
If my tongue give such content
It shall be thy *Instrument*.

Ica. But be surē you use it then
Thus unto no other men,
Lest that I grow deafe agen.

Loves progresse.

Love is my honest character; I am
The child of a *faire mother*, and I came
From yon' celestiall *Pallace*, to surround
This *universe*, I did so, and have found
My *deity* ador'd by all, I was
Their onely *Genius*; brought all acts to passe;
I enter'd a great *Citty*, where I spy'd
A *fourscore Bridegroom*e and a *sixteene Bride*,
Going to *Hymens Temple*, though her eye
Look'd but disdainfull of his *Gravity*
(Shee was compeld) I pittying the wrong
Shota sharpe shaft, shee lov'd, and he grew *young*;
This was my first effectuall worke and then
I met a *venerable Cittizen*,
A *Vsurer*, well troubled with the strife
Of worldly cares, and yet without a wife;

I made him wed his maide, and breake his store.
 For pious uses, to maintaine the poore.
 I interrupted (next) the serious Muse
 Of a sad *student*, busy to peruse
 The hearts of mineralls, who let gold flye
 To purchase glasse, and practise *Alchimy*;
 I did infuse a *Quintessence* that made
 My wife *Philosopher* mistake his trade,
 Dazeld his fancy so, that he did spie
Faces and lips in his *Philosophie*;
 Sweete *Roseat blushes, smiles, choyse locks of hayre,*
Soft fingers, and such *eyes* as women weare;
 When all was perfected in every part
 A Lady was th' *Elixir* of his *Art*.

Love is a *Courtier* (too) I went to Court,
 There did I see a generall resort
 Of royall persons, *Dukes, Earles, Lords* and *Knights*;
 Each one his *Lady*, and most choyce delights
 Vshering their pompe; the *Virgin Ladies* (too)
 Frequent that *Senat*, who prepare to doe
 Their amrous rites to *love*; the youthfull *Squires*
 Neglect no office that may keepe the fyers
 Of *Cupid* ever burning; yet mongst these
Diana had a *vestall* did displease
 My angry soule; shee was a *virgin faire*
 As lovely *Psyche*; in her trameld haire
 Hung pretious *Diamonds*, yet might you spie
 No lustre in them, cause her eyes were by,
 And to reveale her fully, I durst sweare
 I had beheld another *Venus* there.
 This *Lady* was below'd ador'd and sought
 By a rich heyre, (that as much *vertue* brought

As shee had beauty) in whose soule did move
 The divine graces, yet he was in love
 With this coy peece of *Ladyship*; but shee
 Contemn'd as much, now note the destinie,
 I could not brooke her humour, but did burne
 With hot vexation; which did suddaine turne
 To royall madnesse, and in zealous rage
 I made him wed a Countesse, shee a Page.

*Thus did I traverse earth, and now am come
 To rest my tyr'd limbs in Elizium.*

To his most excellent Mistresse, Avis Booth.

M*Elpomene*, forget thou art a *Muse*
 Or in thy tragicke braine a juice infuse
 May keepe thee sleeping, let *Thalia* bring
 From greene *Parnassus*, plenty of that spring
 Inspires our Laureat Lovers; could I prayse
 Lov'd *Avis* to her worth, I might weare Bayes
 Throwne from faire *Daphne's* armes bedew'd with teares,
 For greefe all others are her ravishers.

Who but beholds her cheekes and not supposes
 December to be June, there live such Roses;
 Here would I rest, should I ascend her eyes,
 Tis fear'd my owne would be their sacrifice;
 Ile leave particulars lest I should wrong
 Those that must nere enjoy her, if my tongue
 (Made eloquent by her) could but declare
 Each beauty fully, love and sad despaire
 Would execute all hearers, there would be
 A civill warre twixt faith and Piety;

Since

Since sheele breed ruine if I should discover
 Ile draw the Curtaines close ; but let no lover
 Compare his *Mistresse* to her, lest that I
 Describe at large, and he by surfeit dye,
 Such *vertue* hath her *beauty*, for shee is
 A *Rara Avis*, and my faire *Mistrisse*.

Ashroftick to his Mistresse.

Sweete	Soule of goodnesse, in whose Saintlike brest
Virtue	Vowes dwelling, to make beauty blest ;
Sure	Sighing Cytherea sits, your eyes
Are	Allars whereon shee might sacrifice;
Now	None will of the Paphean order be;
Natur's	New worke transcends a deity;
Arabia's	Aromatticks court your scent;

Bright	Beauty makes your gazers eloquent,
Let	Little Cupid his lost eyes obtaine
(Vayld)	Viewing you would strike him blinde againe ;
Nay	Never thinke I flatter, If you be
Thus	To none else (by love) you are to me.

*A Gentleman desirous to have his Lady's Picture
 drawne, describes her thus.*

Ingenious *Artist* teach thy Pencil how
 To paint a *goddesse*, I would let thee know
 I have a *Mistresse* thy admired Art
 Must limne like my description ; doe not start

IF

If I command a worke above thy skill
 And send thee once more to *Parnassus hill*
 To heare *Thalia's* Lectures; have you seene
 The lovely feature of the *Cyprian Queene*,
 Her cheekes resemble somewhat; though each Rose
 In her's seemes pluckt, and my *Aurelia's* growes;
 Yet they may passe; the *Lillyes* that doe stand
 Upon her breasts, tells you my Mistresse hand
 Is patterne to their whiteneffe; let her eyes
 Not want that heavenly vertue to surprize
 Onely my heart, let them be lov'd by none
 Whose glories are to captive every one.
 Tis onely my ambition for to be
 Fit for my Mistresse, and shee fit for me.

But to my first description; for those haire
 Adorne her head, paint them *Diana* weares;
 And let her forehead not inferior be
 To that which shewes great *Juno's* majestie,
 Let those two *Rosy portalls*, that I call
 Her ruby lippes, be but so magicall
 As his her owne, so sweet, so balmie made,
 Sure I shall leaveth the substance for the shade.

If you thinke these *Enigma's* and that I
 Strive but to pose you with my Poetry;
 Making an argument you never saw
 Such goddesses fayn'd by Poetick law:
 I answer such divine powers you shall see
 Get but a Mistresse, be in love (like me)

Chast

*Chaste Love sitting under a Grove of yong Bay-trees,
is thus solicited by Lust.*

WHat? sighing Love, for shame arise Love.
Sit not crosse arm'd, (by *Venus* eyes)
Thou doe'st thy *passion* Idolize.

Ile bring thee to a Mistresse, faire
As Lillyes when they first prepare
To kisse the Amorous morning ayre;

Shees as active as desire,
Her voyce transcends the *Mermaids* quire;
In each touch glowe's *Cupids* fire.

Corinthian wantons whose rare merits
Were in rayning leaden spirits,
My choysse *Mistresse* brest inherits.

Cold *Anchorites*, (prepar'd to mourne
Their past crimes) should they but turne
Their eyes on her; would (gazing) burne;

And in that scorching *extasie*
Not desire to be set free,
But wish to burne eternally.

How can shee but so surprize
The chaste hearts of the most wise,
Cupids heaven is her eyes.

Yet if yours whom you doe keepe

E

Charie

Charie as your thoughts in *leepe*,
 For whom you nightly pray and weepe,
 Be so faire, so kind, so loving,
 So attractive, sweete, and moving,
 Let me know her by your proving.

Love.

Love.

I have a Mistresse chaster farre,
 Then thine is faire, shall be a starre,
 When shee is in a Sepulcher.

With the *harmony* divine
Angels limbs with *Angels* twine,
 As does her white soule and mine.

We can kisse without desire,
 Enjoy our sweets, and feele no fire,
 To enflame, or yet expire.

Divinity it selfe may see,
 In her soules faire *Symmetry*,
 What *Religion* ought to be.

In her eyes an *Anchorite* may
 Make purer his Religious Clay,
 And to heaven tread the way.

I am chaste Love, not confin'd
 To your fayned Archer blinde,
 But adore a *vernon* minde.

And

And whoever will deny
 Sensuall Lust, and doe as I,
 Shall ever love, and never dye.

What a Whore is.

Nature's unhappy workmanship; if Faire
 So much the worse, all mischiefs doubled are:
 If Modest, ther's a hell in her intent,
 Shee kills secure, when shee seemes innocent:
 If coy and nice, take heede, it is a slight,
 Shee useth but to strengthen appetite:
 If witty, in her power more dangers lye,
 Shee'le give you Logick for Adultery,
 Prove lust legitimate; at last beguile
 Your easy sense with a deluding smile,
 More subtle then her Logick; in such wayes
 Shee spends her pretious nere returning dayes.
 (The glory of her youth) And (which is worse)
 Had shee Helena's beauty, yet the curse,
 Of Strumpets will attend her; sicknesse seases
 Her over-charged body, and diseases,
 Will understand no Phisicke, but prepare
 Her limbes for earth, ere a repentant Prayer
 Can cherish her lost soule; Thus shee defloure's
 Her living kindred and dead ancestors
 Of all their fertile fame, so buried lyes,
 A pittfull example to the wife;
 But those whom shee abus'd in life will laugh
 Her finall fall, and curse an Epitaph.

An abused Man: Quasi, a Cuccobd.

YEE Gods that lend me *Patience*, tell me why
 My guiltlesse *fame* (pure as your *Piety*)
 Must suffer for its *innocence*; can fate
 For *vertuous men* such ills predestinate:
 Ist not enough you have confin'd my *life*
 To the loath'd prison of an unchast *wife*;
 Extinguish'd *Hymens Tapers*, and bespread
 With *ewe* and *Cypresse* my poore nuptiall bed;
 But I must suffer the injurious wrong
 And *Contumelic* of each *idiots tongue*,
 Take the reproach of him (perhaps) that thrives
 In his warme Plush by nought else but his *wives*
 (Thrice bought) *adultery*, yet such as he
 Must on my *Patience* brand his *Calumny*:
 Teach wiser men, and such as know the price
 Of a *chaste wife*, It is a *Paradise*
 All candid *soules* enjoy not; if they do,
 Yce are unjust, my *merits* claime one (too)
 But I *repent* my *rage*, conceive agen
 The reason why you punish *vertuous men*;
 To make it in their suffering appeare
 They must attend, their *heaven* is not *here*;
 Yet tell my rude *abusers* onely this,
 Not my *unkindnesse* causeth her amisse,
 Nor is it *poverty* my torment brings,
 For such as mine may be the fate of *Kings*.

Lust loseth all.

Lust (The hot mother of unchast desires,
 Blacke spotted *seawers* and destroying *fires*)
 I must take breath to curse yee, for I see
 My ruine will be perfected by thee.

Why do men call thee *love*, when as no hate
 Retaine's a *Plague*, makes man more desperate:
 Thou rob'st him of all *honour*, mak'st his *name*
 Become the onely title of a *shame*;
 Oh may thy fawning falsehood nere have rest
 Within the confines of a noble breast.

All the choice *vertues*, that I ere could boast
 My soule enjoy'd, *insatiate lust* hath lost:
Religion bid me first farewell, for I
 Behold no beauty in *Divinity*;
 Then *wisedome* left the *mansion* of my minde
 To *follic's* trust (who never was enclin'd
 Vnto chaste lawes) I did not *wisedome* misse,
Wealth can obtaine a lustfull *Mistresse*:
 But soone as *wisedome* from my soule did slide,
Reason remov'd and bad me seeke a *guide*,
 Which thus I did, my present *fancy* flies
 Vnto the *daylight* of my *Mistresse* eyes,
 Which being darken'd by *divine* decree,
 I lost my way, and was as blind as *shee*:
 But when *Religion*, *Wisedome*, *Reason* went,
Faith left me (too) and with a firme consent
 Her sister *Hope* did follow, both agree
 To heaven to transport kind *charity*;
Love lost his labour in me, for unjust
 I did convert his *civill lawes* to *lust*.

*The losses.**Religion.**Wisedome.**Reason.**Faith.**Hope,**and**Charitie.**Love,*

Honor. Honor declin'd, saying it is not right

Man should be servant to his appetite :

Manhood. *Manhood* exild himselfe and would not owne

Me nor my acts, I was all *Woman* growne.

Who thinks I am no *loser*? who will say

Hee's not undone that hath no more to play?

Let no man then expose his life and fame

He must needs lose, *the divells in the game*;

He that buyes pleasure at so deare a price

Obtaine's an apple to lose *Paradise*.

*A Dialogue betwixt Adversus and his Mistresse
the Lady Contra.*

Adver.

FAYRE *Contra*, in the bosome of yon shade
Remaynes a soft repose, by nature made
To give your beauty welcome, tis a *Bower*
Solicited by every fragrant Flower
Nurs'd in this *Rosy Province*, shall I crave
I may conduct you to it, (sweete) I have
A gentle story to reveale, so deare
Vnto my selfe, that none but your chaste eare
May heare the *petty volume*, be but pleas'd
To sit and heare and my desire is eas'd.

Contra.

You will not kill my patience or betray
My eare to some loose fancy, from what Play
Have you traduc'd your story? is it new,
Decently delectable, strange and true?
What title hath your story? may it be
Heard without teares? comes it off merrily?

Tis

Tis cald a *Game at Hearts*, both *strange* and *new*; Adver.
 The *losers win* if both the *hearts* play true.

This is a riddle sure, some fine defeate,
 You have compos'd to give my wit the cheate. Con.

There is a man--*that's I*--his heart doth vow Adver.
 Vnto a vertuous *Lady*--*that is you*.
 Fe not offended *sayest*, this is all
 The *story* I cantell or ever shall,
 I love you; love you dearely, in your eye
 Lives my devotion, theres a deity
 So powerfull, that is calls my early eyes
 From practick Prayer to give it sacrifice.
 I love you chaste, my divine desire
 Aymes but at *honord marriage*, all the fire
 Love (*the great king of passions*) did create
 Within my brest, is as *immaculate*,
 Temperate and pure as the bright flame that flies
 In zeale from an accepted sacrifice.

Is this your *stories end*? is your *game* don? Con.
 Where be your *losing winners*? who hath won?

The heart that never play'd, play then and be Adver.
 A double winner, ile lose all to thee.

Indeede I cannot love, or if I doe, Con.
 Credit me Sir, I cannot fancy you,
 You are to full of passion, if you can
 Exile it from you and turne merry man,
 You may obtaine my favour, but if not
 Your game is done, your story quite forgot

Oh

Adver. Oh the blind *curse* of lovers it doth make
Mar. become Idiot for his *mistresse* sake,
 But I disdain the taske and let you know
 (Your superficiall *sayre-one*) that I bow
 No to the *feature* of your femall kind,
 But to a brest enrich'd with a faire *minde*;
 If yours be so, I love you, but if not,
 My *love* (like to my *story*) is forgot:
 Must I become a *Zane*, laugh and toy,
 Your ever-losing favour to enjoy;
 Doth your wise *Ladiship* conceit it fit,
 I should implore the vertue of your wit
 With idle *mirth*, reserv'd for wanton *guests*,
 Or must I plead my marriage *love* in *jest*?
 Tis a severe conjunction that doth tye
 Two soules in one unto eternity,
 And requires serious wisdome, such as may
 Keepe the knot tyed more then the marriage day;
 Perhaps you are engag'd, your heart doth dwell
 Within anothers, *love* him then - *farewell*.

*Contra
 Sola.*

Contra Sola.

Thus Virgins sport away their loves, thus I
 Have at one blast lost more felicity
 Then many *Queenes* can boast, some pittying fate
 Contrive a meanes I may be fortunate
 In his lov'd *love* agen, Oh be so kind
 To render me the *object* of his *minde*;
 If your strickt *Canons* this request deny,
 And that your *sentence* tells me I must dye
 For my transgression, I no mourners crave,
 But let some *Zane* laugh me to my grave;

No

No *Epitaph* be writ nor yet a stone
 With this Inscription, *Heere lies buried One,*
 Lest my lost *Love* should come, and when he spies
 My *Sepulcher* with pittie lose his eyes.

Rara Avis in terris nigroque Similima Cigno.

FLye, flye my nimble *Genius* round about
 The peopled world, find me this Riddle out,
 There is much doubt int, to the City flye
 Amongst the Femall *Beauties*, where each eye
 Begets a gazing admiration; there
 Chuse me a young *Wench* that doth know shees faire,
 Who in *Thought*, *Word*, and *Deed* is chaste, and yet
 Hath beene thrice tempted by *Wealth*, *Worth* and *Wit*.

In the same City doe the best you can
 By narrow search, to spye me out a Man
 Wedded to Femall follies, yet shall be
 The Cities *Lord Major* for his *Gravity*.

Repaire to Court, you shall a *Lady* see
 Deck'd like *Aurora* in choice *Bravery*,
 Winne her from those delights, see if you can
 Perswade her Ladiship turne *Puritan*.

Perchance shee hath a husband, one that is
 Of youthfull mettall, can *Dance*, *Sing*, and *Kiss*
 Court amorous Ladies, is compleatly faire,
 That owes to *Ait* for a large crispy haire.

Produce him (too) he with the rest may passe
 If he did nere behold a *Looking-Glasse*,
 Take *Cart* and to the *Country* goe with speede,
 Where *Clannes*, *Cowes*, *Calfes*, *Sheepe*, and fat *Oxen* feede,

F

Pe-swade

Perswade some great Corne-master, that hath bin
 A Grand *Offender* in the thriving Sin
 Of *Transportation*; onely to refraine
 That thrifty course, and give his Country *Graine*.
 Bid his Old wife forsake her *Country tongue*,
 And trade in *Complement*, tell her shees young;
 If you can make her leave her Coun:ry *ligge*,
 Shave off her Haire and weare a *Periwigge*,
 Bring her, and all the rest, I dare say than
 I have as *Rare a Bird*, as your *blacke Swan*.

To his Mistress Elizabeth Brooke.

E *Lizab*eth inspire me, then I shall
 Write nought *Obscene*, but *Beauty*, *Vertue* all.
 There was a *Lucene* of whom *Fames* tongue can tell
 Cald *Vertue* *Servant*, shee did all Excell,
 Durst call themselves *Elizabeth*; to me,
 Methinks you keepe her still in *Memorie*,
 Did I not thinke you chaste, as is the *Snow*
 Girt in *Diana's* girdle, faire one know
 I could not court you, though your beauty might
 Play the faire thiefe, and steale me at first sight,
 I should affect no longer then I gaz'd:
Beauty and *Vertue* both make *Soules* amaz'd
 Be you my *Brooke*, my shadow, and I vow
 Like fond *Narcissus* to kisse none but you,
 And in that christall *Rivolet*, your *Eye*
 Bury my *Sight*, my *Selfe*---tis life to dye.

*A Dialogue betwixt Fidelius and his
Silent Mistress Flora.*

Fide. **M**Y dearest *Flora* can you love me.
Flo. Prethee prove me.

Fide. Shall I have your hand to kisse.

Flo. Yes, yes.

Fide. On this whitenesse let me sweare.

Flo. No pray forbearē.

Fide. I love you dearer then my eyes.

Flo. Be wise.

Fide. I prize no happinesse like you.

Flo. Will you be *True*.

Fide. As is the Turtle to her Mate.

Flo. I hate.

Fide. Who my Divinest *Flora*, me.

Flo. No, flatterie.

Fide. He that flatters, may he dye.

Flo. Perpetually.

Fide. And his blacke *Vr*ne be the cell.

Flo. Where furies dwell.

Fide. May his Name be blasphemous.

Flo. To us.

Fide. His *Memory* for ever Rot.

Flo. And be forgot.

Fide. Least it keepe our age and youth.

Flo. From Love and *Truth*.

Fide. Thus upon your Virgin hand.

Flo. Your *Vowes* shall stand.

Fide. This kisse confirms my Act and Deed.

Flo. You may exceed.

Poeticall Varieties.

Fide. Your Hand, your Lippe, Ile vow on both

Flo. A dangerous oath.

Fide. My Resolution nere shall start,

Flo. You have my heart.

A Ladies Complaint for the losse of
her Love Theodorus.

L End me thy *Arrowes Cupid*, teach me how
To weare thy *Quiver* and to bend thy *Bow*,
Shew me that *Shaft* in which a *Power* doth lye
To make man chastly Love eternally ;
I have my eyes faire *Boy* with which Ile find
The marke that thou wilt misse, las, thou art blind,
I see too much, and wish I could not see,
Lesse I had power my bondage for to free-
Or bind another ; *Theodorus* then
Should be my honour'd Prisoner once agen,
Did I appeare so worthlesse, is my face
So poorely barren of the Female *Grace*
Which Courts our *Amorous youth*, that I must be
The *Subject* of a mans *Inconstancy*,
What though there be no *Cupids* in my Eyes,
Plac'd to make Erring *Love* idolatrize,
What though the *Roses* in my *Cheekes* doe faint,
And I disdaine with an *Adulterate* paint
To Adde a *Sinnefull Beauty*, my chaste minde
Shall cast a lustre when all eyes are blind,
That might have made my *Theodorus* Love
With *divine Loyalty*, and constant proove,

For

For *Love* that's onely fixed in faire *Eyes*
 And fading *Colours*, with their downefall dyes
 Belceve me *Theodorus*, I divine,
 (I hough thou art gone, and the sad losse is mine)
 Thou wilt not be a winner; Oh take heede
 Women are gilded *follies*, that exceed
 A gluttons *Riot*, Men doe oft refuse
 (For *Beauties* sake) though they unchastly chuse,
 If they be beautionly faire, can that
 Secure their *Mindes* from *Thoughts* adulterate,
 And should they lose their *Honour*, can they then
 With all their *Beauties* fetch it backe agen,
 But be your owne adviser, let not me
 Discourage your opinion, but be free
 In your new choice; if my wish take effect,
 You never shall repent you did neglect
 My courser *Fortunes*; if your *Mistris* be
 An *Angell* in your eyes, shees so to me,
 Envy is still my *Enemy*; although
 I lov'd you fondly, I must have you know
 Twas very chasty (too) and (without *Wonder*)
Hearts may contract when *Bodies* are asunder,
 Yet love your *Mistris*, and be truly zealous,
 I can *Affect*, yet never make her jealous.

A Morall Eclogue presented by *Virtue*,
Wealth, and *Beauty*.

Come hither *Beauty*, what sad dumpe hath got
 The upper hand of thy choice thoughts, what blot Hath
Wealth

Hath overcome thy *Beauty*; thou art sad,
Thoughts discontented and conceal'd, make mad
 The serious *Contemplator*, then declare,
 I'm a *Physitian*, tell me what they are.

Beauty,

Insatiate *Wealth*, I will; I come to crave
 Along-lost *Servant*, you unjustly have,
 And such a *Servant* none ere had but (thee
 Whom *Jove* embrac'd) *Cadmean Semele*,
 Though *Nature* make all men that mortall are
 All of one mould, shee can but claime a share
 In this great Master piece; ere he was fit
 Twelve *Natures* did in consultation sit,
 Had he but liv'd when the Egyptian *Queene*
 (Fairst *Cleopatra*) Raign'd, to have beene seene,
 By her in her high court, sure none but he
 Had exchang'd places with *Marke Anthony*;
 Or *Hellen* view'd him, ere shee went from *Greece*,
 No *Warres* had beene, he could have kept the *Peace*.

Wealth

Is this your cause of *Griefe*, admit I have
 This honourable *Servant* which you crave,
 I am the worthier *Mistress*, whats in you
 But a faire face, *Riches* doth me endue,
 What will your *Beauty* doe when *Fortune* shall
 Deale cruelly, and let your states both fall,
 Begge with your *Beauty*, can your *Beauty* then
 Contrive a meanes to raise you up agen.
 But stay, yonder comes *vertue*; doe but see
 How poore shee goes, yet shees as nice as thee.

Virtue

Health to you *Ladies*; *Beauty*, unto you
 My message comes; I have a *Servant* true,

Corrupted

Corrupted by your eyes, till he did see
 Your taining *Smiles* he was content with me;
 Pray give him backe againe: my mourning state
 Directs the *Turtle* that hath lost her *Mate*
 To beate her feather'd bosome, *Griefe* and I
 Are in contention for the *Majesty*
 Of perfect *sorrow*, and we finde that none
 Have such true *griefe* as those whose *Love's* are gone;
 Such is my state, faire *Lady*, doe not then
 Detaine my *Love*, but send him home agen.

What *Love* doe I detaine, what *Servant*, where
 Did I subdue him, whats his *Character*?

Beau.

When first I did behold him, I could spye
 The simple *Soule* of *Candid Majesty*
 Take state in either cheek; for his defence,
 He never *Blush'd*, but to shew *Innocence*:
 When he did court me, a sweete *Passion* strove
 To tell me, that he liv'd in perfect love,
 I saw he did, and yet am bold to tell,
 He might have wrought *Faith* in an *Infidell*;
 He had *Exterieur Beauty*; (too) his eyes
 Had luster from his inward *Purities*.
 They were a *Frontispiece* to all the good
 His *soule* possesse'd; greater in *Grace* then *blood*;
 His name is *Bellixarus*, let me have
 His person (too) tis all the blisse I crave.

Vertue

That is my *Love* coy *Vertue*.

Wealth

Which I claime.

Beau.

But

Vertue

But is my due.

Wealth

Oh ye both lose your *Aime*,
 He hath a wealthy Fortune, shall it be
 Exposed to the certaine jeopardy
 Of *Beauty* or poore *Vertue*; let him thrive
 In my esteemes, *Wealth* keeps the heart alive.

Ile shew him *Mynes* of *Treasure*, which shall buy
Pleasures, that may perswade *Mortality*
 Into a *Godhead*; Ile a *Pallace* build
 Of chequer'd *Marble*, whose large rooffe shall yeeld
 Vnparalleld delights; a thousand boyes
 (Fairst as *Adonis*) with melodious noyse
 Of new found *Timbrils*, shall awake his *sense*
 From sullen *sadnesse* (with profuse expence,)
 Ile purchase curious dyet, whose choise taste
 Shall create *Odors* in his *Breath*, Ile waste
 My (unknowne) *Treasure* to a *Myte*, that he
 May hate you both, and keepe his *Love* with me.

Beauty

You argue weakely for him; in my Eye,
 A *Lover's Amorous Passion* can descry
 Tenne thousand fairer boyes, young *Cupids* all,
 And with my voyce (at his commanding call)
 Ile warble various fancies, that shall make
 His heart; cold *Melancholy* quite forsake
 This Ruby Lippe being connex'd with his,
 Shall be more pleasing then that *Nectar* is
Love doth revive his *Touth* with; for his *Scent*,
 My breath is sweeter then that *Continent*
 The *Phanix* keeps her nest in when she burnes
 In *Aromats*, and a New *Phanix* turnes.

These

These but a *modell* of the pleasures be
He shall enjoy, let him returne to me.

If he be *true*, no *argument* should make
His honest *soule* his first chaste *love* forsake,
Then (were he yours, and I by strife should win)
How could I be a *vertue* but a *sin*:

Vertue:

Fond women, know ile teach him how to clime
Beyond your hopes, to *treasures* more *sublime*;
Ile shew him how to be content with that
Would make you sorrow sicke and desperate:
Fortune can wound you *wealth*, & (*beauty*) know
The sweetest *Roses* that doe *sayrest blow*,
Will shatter into *ruine*; you must feare
Beauty will fade, *Springs* last not all the *yeare*:
You talke of *Boyes* and *Cupids*, I can see
Through the pure *cristalls* of *divinitie*:
A heaven set with *Angels*, of whose *glory*
No *mortalls* *sen* could ere write *perfect story*,
And to this *joy* ile bring him, if he be
So wise to cast you off and live with me.

Yet he is mine, and if the *God* of *love*
Looke pleasing (as he did) I then will move
My next suite unto *Hymen*, and weele be
Ioynntly contracted by his *Deity*:
Do not you rayle then, nor you tyre your *heart*,
I have *possession* thats the greater *part*.

Wealth.

I must returne to *sorrow*, *weepe*, and *wayle*
For his lost *soule*.

Vertue.

I to *revenge*, and *raile*.

Beauty.

G

Vse

Use your owne counsell, when your rayling's past
Goe mourne with *virtue* and your *beauty* blast.

The complaint of an old Lady for the losse of her beauty.

A *Ge* (*Beauties* tyrant) why dost thou,
Furrowe my brow?

With what poyson hast thou made,

My Lillies fade;

What strange colour is this hayre

That I weare?

Oh for *love's* sake tak't away,

Tisto gray;

In my cheekes no *Roses* grow,

Bud or blow;

But are gone, for ever gone,

Every one;

In my eyes no *Cupids* dance

To advance

The bravery of *Appetite*

To delight;

I to *Venus* shrine will goe

With my woe,

And declare unto her all

My beauties fall;

There complaine that crooked *Age*

Full of *rage*,

Hath for ever banished

White and *red*;

So perhaps I may obtaine

Allagaine.

And

And disgracefull Age expell
 To her Cell;
 But if not, most sure I shall
 Ruin'd fall;
 For when beauty is away
 All's but Clay,
 Fickle feature growes but brave
 For a Grave,
 Where the beauty most replicate
 Wormes will eate.
 Go then *Beauty* be not seene
 But in *Virgin's* at *sixteene*,
 When they are as old as I
 Let their *Beauty* fading dye,
 Tis an age for to decline
 To our graves, not *Venus* shrine.

A Gentleman deploring his former follies:

R *Eason* I doe salute thy brightnesse, thou
 Expell'st the mists of error; from thy brow
 A radiant *Beame* is shot into my *soule*,
 By which I have discovered how foule
 My former *follies* made me; it is thee
 That mak'st poore *Man* become a *monarchy*:
 Hadst thou been with me when the greedy grape
 Ingross'd my *senses*, and committed *Rape*
 Vpon my *understanding*, I might be
 Lesse in Arrerage for *Ebriety*.

Had I enjoy'd thy company when I
 (Inflam'd with fever-burning luxury)

Ruin'd a Ladies *fame*, shee had beene pure
 And kept her mayden innocence secure;
 I had beene happy, for my tainted *name*
 Had beene an honest *Character*, no *shame*,
 Had I employ'd thy councell (when my wrath)
 Ayded by *envy* trod a guilty path
 Vnto my freinds confusion, but because
 He was not regular in *Bacchus* lawes,
 My spleene had beene more temperate, for I
 Had conquer'd rashnesse by *sobrietie*.

Hadst thou bin present when my ruder tongue
Calumniously did doe my Mistresse wrong,
 Who chastly loved when I did boldly say,
 Shee was my *looser creature* to alay
 Lascivious desires; that shee would doe
 What (heaven) knowes) I nere seduc'd her to,
 Thou hadst corrected the egregious ill,
 And I had liv'd her honor'd *servant* still.
 Hadst thou beene pleas'd ever to lend thy store
 Of saving helpe, such follyes on my score
 Had nere beene written, tis not yet too late
 For devoute penitence to *expiate*,
 Be my Adjutor, *Reason* tis in thee
 That I will seek *mans mediocritie*.

ELE.



ELEGIACK POEMS.

*An Elegie on his Inestimable friend, Mr.
Richard Gunnell, Gent.*

GOe sell your smiles for weeping, change your mirth
For mourning dirges, lave the pretious earth
Of my inestimable friend with teares
(Fertill as them the cheek of *Aprill* weares,
When *Flora* propagates her blessing on
Th' approaching *Daffadills*) under this stone
Lyes his neglected ashes, Oh that they
Who knew his *vertues* best should let his *Clay*
Lye unregarded so, and not appeare
With a full sorrow, in each eye a teare
Once, daily ore his *urne*, how can they thinke
A pleasing thought, sit and securely drinke
Insatiate carrowes; these are they
Can lose both friends and sorrowes in one day:
(Not worth my observation) let me turne
Againe to my sad duty, where ile mourne
Till my corporeall essence doe become

A glyding rivolet ; and pay the *summe*
 To thy deare memory ; my streame shall lend
 A drop to none les he hath lost a friend :
 The melancholly mad-man that will prove
 His *passion* for his *Mistresse* is but *love*,
 Were best be thrifty in his teares, for I
 Will not supply him though his *mistresse* dye ;
 My ford is thine deare *Gunnell* and for thee
 My *Christall Channell* flowes so currently,
Tagus and great *Pactolus* may be proud
 Of their *red sands*, let me my Rivers shrowd
 In course *Meanders*, where the waters shall
 In a griev'd murmure, *Gunnell, Gunnell*, call,
 It is for thee I *flow*, for thee I *glide*,
 I had retain'd my *floods* hadst thou not *died*.
 And little water birds shall chaunt this *theame*,
 Thy *Iordan* mourner is a *Iordan* streame.

*An Epitaph on his kind friend, M^r. Iohn
Honiman, Gent.*

THou that couldst never weepe, and know'st not why
Teares should be spent but in *mans* *insancy*,
Come and repent thy *error* for here lyes
A *Theame* for *Angels* to write Elegies,
Had they the losse as we have; such a one
As *nature* kild for his perfection,
And when shee sends those vertues backe agen
His stocke shall serve for twenty vertuous men.

In *Aprill* dyed this *Aprill* to finde *May*
In Paradise, or celebrate a day
With some celestially creature, had he beene
Design'd for other then a *Cherubin*;
Earth would have gave him choice; he was a man
So sweetly good, that he who wisely can
Describe at large, must such another be,
Or court no *Muses* but *Divinitie*.

Here will I rest, for feare the *Readers* eyes.
Vpon his *urne* become a *Sacrifice*.

An Elegie on M^r. Iohn Raven, Gent.

NO sooner did sad Rumour wound my eares
 With thy *decease*, but *Myriads* of teares
 Sprung in my fluent eyes, I sigh'd, Oh me
 Is *Raven* dead, why could the *fatal* **THREE**
 Not give some dispensation for a man
 Deserv'd the yeares of *Nestor*; I began
 Much to invoke the destinies, but they
 Gave me no answer, sure they doe obey
 Some greater power, whose immense *soveraignty*
 Admits no Inquisition *How* or *Why*;
 (The curse of frailty) we but *see* to *chuse*,
Chuse to enjoy, ere we enjoy we lose:
 So is thy life to us, what if thou be
 Enthron'd a *Monarch* for thy *piety*,
 Our losse is still the same, we lose our prize,
 Because we cannot see thee with these eyes,
 We doe not doubt thy welfare (*dearest friend*)
 But doe beleave thy meritorious end
 Hath won *eternity*, and yet indeed
 We cannot chuse but grieve, teares will exceed
 Though they allow no cause, for if thou be
 So truly happy as divinitie
 Declares the blessed *transmigration*, then
 Twere *sinfull grieve* to wish thee here agen:
 Thy death is my instruction, and thy blisse
 The subject of my contemplation is.
 Heaven inspire thy *merit* into me,
 And I shall *dye*, to deserve *life* with thee.

An Elegie on his beloved friend M^r. Charles
Rider, Student in the Art of Limning,
or Picture-drawing.

IF you can weepe, draw neere, but if your eyes
Deny to yeeld a liquid sacrifice,
Laughter perplex yee, may you never be
Worthy to be preserv'd in memory
But amongst *fools* and *jesters* such as know
No reason for their mirth, but will allow
Their idle jests, and their more anticke flights
On Funeralls as well as Brydall nights.

Here (you that have the magazin of teares)
Exhaust your thrifty fountains, he that weares
Black with an honest sorrow I advise
To ayde us in our (too sad) obsequies.

There is an *Artist* dead, who ill that can
Deny but hee is the friend of every man
That maks wise use of knowledge, he was rare
In limning decent *Figures*, his chaste care
Could nere permit his *pen* to enling
To the rude draughts of lustfull *Arctins*:

But had his eyes beheld the *flame* feature,
Posture & face, oblastre excelling creature,
(Pure as her simple Beauty) such a one
Was patterne for his Pencil, or else none
To be particular, I should appeare
Foe to my selfe, since each word chaine & snare
But what my full fraught eyes deny to show,
Expect in some large booke in *flow*.

An

H

His

His vertues are too many for to be
 Compos'd in a weeping *Elegie* :
 But he is dead, that all-devouring death
 That scornes to give religious Monarchs breath
 An houre beyond his limits, hath thought fit
 To use his power on thee; may thy soule sit
 In Angels habitations, while we
 Deplore thy death, and blesse thy memory.

Since thou wert *meritorious*, I have
 That I may stick this *lambel* on thy grave,
 Where if the hounteous heavens please to raise
 Showres like my teares, it will grow a *tree of life*.

Blest *Infant* to thy *Murder* I am sent
 By pittying fate and my owne discontent
 To be resoly'd why *thy budding youth*
 Thou wert thus rudely *kill'd*, that the world
 Vnto thy mourning friends I may relate
 Who with their teares thy cold *face* must grate
 How didst thou get thy *face* so *fair* to see
 Thy beauteous body with *thy* *face*
 Devoures those it embraceth: couldst thou be
 Flatter'd to hugge the infidelity
 Of wanton *Thetis*? sure it was not so
 'Twas thy owne *face* that wrought thy *face* so
 Shee was enamour'd of *thy* *face* and *thy* *face*
 No way but this to late her *face* so *fair* to see

Shee did compare *thy face* to *the sun*, for shee saw
 None but thy *beauty* could *thy face* draw
 For there *thy eyes* *inspired* by their owne sight
 Eclips'd each other, making midday, night;
 Blacke night, worse waters, may yee ever be
 Vs'd to make beauty blacke, so curs'd by me;
 May never discontents of *sorrowes* file
 In greeke-afflicted *bosomes*, if their eyes
 Bannish you thence, for when your bloods are spent,
 There shall not be a cause for discontent:

Rest peaceably (*sweete boy*) thought to us dead,
 Love shall for thee exchange his *Ganemed*.

An Elegie and Epitaph on his
 Mistresse Fidelia.

Patience (the great *Physician* of the minde)
 Hath lost his *art*, for no *balmie* can he finde
 To give me cure, there is no *Patience* left,
 It is a vertue which the *Gods* bereft;
 With my *Fidelia*, and since shee is gone
 What good is left me, but *distraction*;
 Yet in her name I doe a *virtue* finde
 Charmes all my *senses*, tells my raging minde
 Shee hath but left the earth for *heaven* to try
 What throne the *Gods* prepare for shee and I,
 Which having done, I then shall heare from her
 By that supream commanding *Harbinger*,

H 2

That

That summons Princes, Queens, religious Kings
 To cast off earth and put on *cherub's wings*
 My soule thus charmed into sweete *ecstasy*
 Ile waite, and write thus on her *moniment*

The Epitaph.

In this Marble, buried lyes
 Beauty, may enrich the skyes,
 And adde light to Phoebus eyes.

Sweeter then Aurora's ayre
 When shee paints the Lillyes faire,
 And gilds Cowslips with her haire;

Chaster then the virgin Spring,
 Ere her blossomes shee doth bring,
 Or cause Philomell to sing.

If such goodnesse lye amongst men
 Bring me to it, I know then
 Shee is come from heauen agen;

But if not, yet standers by
 Cherish me, and say that I
 Am the next designe to dye.



An Epitaph on his Mistress
Arbella.

Y^Ee are too quick, yee Pioners of death
To execute your charge, I have yet breath
Struggles within my labouring brest, to come
And sigh an hasty *Epicedium*
On my *Arbella*; Oh what stupid sleepe
Ceazes your faculties, you doe not weepe
Your selves to restlesse rivolets; my eyes
Must act alone *Arbella's obsequies*;
Doe you want common *sense*, how can you heare
Arbella nam'd (dead nam'd) and shed no teare;
Know you not how to weepe, pray looke on me,
Methinks each man should be a *Niobe*,
And teach me to be *fluent*: fall, oh fall
Like *Aprill dew*, for these are *Scythians* all,
And know not how to weepe unless the minds
Ravish their teares: they have no weeping minds:
But I am spent on *omb*, her now, yet stay,
For pitties sake banish the wormes away,
They will pollute her beauty, let them have
A wealthy banquet in some *glorious* graver
Yet they may stay, for if they can descry
Her beauteous cheekes, they will by famine dye,

Rather

Rather then pluckethose *Roses*, now growne white
As was her *innocence* (before the light)
Hid the *light* of *beauty* (before the light)
Her beauty to enchain a *Monument*.

Where (since her *Saint-like* essence is divine)
I will forget her *forme* and *face* (like *stone*)

Abella.

Ye are too quick, yee ripers of death
To execute your charge, I have yet breath
Struggles within my labouring breast, to come

And right hartly a picture
On my *Abella*; Oh what a sad sheepe
Cares your faculties, yee know not
Your selves to restless thoughts, my eyes
Must see alone *Abella's* offences;
Do you want common sense, how can you hate

Abella nam'd (dead nam'd) and li'd no more;
Know you not how to weep, pray looke on me,

Methinks each man should be a *Woe*
And teach
Like *Abella*
And know not
Havish their tears
But I am
Forbittes
They will pollute
A wealthy banquet in
Yet they may say, for it
Her beane com checkes, the

Rather

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